



FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



All Around the May Pole

WHEN it was announced that "Miss Dodd's room" would give a miniature May Festival in the school yard on the first day of May there was indeed excitement among the children. And you may be sure, there was consternation, disgust and even rebellion among at least two of the boys of "Miss Dodd's room."

"Mum! Me dance around any old May pole—I'd just like to see myself!" exclaimed George Bond.

"Me too!" echoed Frank Thomas.



And how well they danced it!

with the same cheerful disregard of grammar.

George was minded to say more on the subject. "I saw one of these May businesses once. Lot of silly girls and Mamma's darling boys holding on to ribbons all tied together at the top of a pole—and then they dance around and think they're having a good time!"

"Why didn't you yank the ribbons

off?" asked Frank.

"Aw shucks! Y'can't—everybody's looking at you!"

The next day—the very next day—Miss Dodd read the program to her class and—would you believe it?—George Bond and Frank Thomas were "down" for a dance around the May pole with little Grace Brown and Tillie Evans. The whole "room" snickered; and George and Frank looked as though they wished the floor would open up and swallow them.

As for Grace and Tillie, they

to South America before I'll do it!"

"Me, too!" echoed Frank. "I'll—I'll get up early in the morning and cut down that old pole—you see if I don't!"

But when each boy reached home that evening, he found that, somehow, the news had gone before him; and both father and mother were very much interested in the part he was to play in the festival. Also, protests and pleadings were of no avail—they simply had to take part!

Presently came the first rehearsal. Now, Miss Dodd was a teacher not to be trifled with; and both George and Frank had found that out to their sorrow several times in the past. So, of course, there was nothing to do but at least pretend to learn the (as they thought) "sissy," mincing, silly dancing steps she taught them to take as they danced with the girls around an imaginary May pole, with outstretched hands holding imaginary ribbons.

The girls were all excited and eager for the dance; and, indeed, all the rest of the boys and girls in the "room" seemed to be, too. But not George and Frank. And they vowed to each other that they would do all sorts of desperate things before they would "make fools" of themselves in that fashion.

The next afternoon came another rehearsal. Miss Dodd was very patient—until, from watching them, she became convinced that George and Frank were purposely trying not to learn the steps and were very rude to their little dancing partners.

Then Miss Dodd decided to "attend to their cases," as the saying goes. She took them aside and gave them a severe talking to; furthermore, she called on each of the boys' parents that night and explained the circumstances. Both fathers, you may be sure, had considerable to say to their respective sons—and right before Miss Dodd, too!

The next day a remarkable change was noticeable in the behavior of both boys. They seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion willingly, eagerly and with interest.

"I guess I fixed their cases!" said Miss Dodd to herself, with grim satisfaction.

"Oh, isn't it nice to have George liking to dance with us," said Grace to Tillie as they were walking home that afternoon after rehearsal.

"Yes, indeed," answered the latter. "And Frank didn't step on my toes once, not even once, all during it!"

But, in that half hour just after rehearsal and before it was time for them to be at their respective homes for dinner, the two boys had their heads together and were chuckling in high glee at the way they were going to be re-nuzzed upon Miss Dodd and (they thought) upon their unkind parents.

"Y'see, Frank," George explained for the one-hundredth time, it seemed, "we'll dance the first part of it all right and then when I whistle, each of us'll take hold of his ribbon tight; and then turn around and run 'round and 'round—and the first thing you know both those girls will be tied right smack up against that old May pole so fast they won't be able to move. We'll just wrap those ribbons round them and—"

"Wish we could tie up that old Miss Dodd, too!" said Frank.

"You just let her wait—you just let her wait—that's all I've got to say! One of these days we'll—"

But, that time at least, George didn't finish the dire threats of all the awful things he was going to do to Miss Dodd—someday. For they

An Ignorant Boy(?)

SOME boys they never seem to know
Where things are found or how they grow;
There's lots they read about in books
That they can't tell you how it looks.



Why there's a boy next door to me
Who is as dumb as he can be—
Except at arithmetic and such,
And then I don't know half as much.

But names of birds and bugs and bees,
And kinds of flowers, and of trees,
When grapes are ripe, when chestnuts fall,
And such things he can't tell at all.

Where worms are found, where fishes hide,
He couldn't tell you if he tried;
Nor when the robins come about,
Or when the buttercups peep out.



The place to look for moss or fern,
And things a boy can't help but learn,
He knows no more of than a cat—
I'm glad I ain't so dumb as that.

were standing by his front gate and just then his father came out and informed him, in no uncertain tones, that dinner was already on the table and that if he knew what was good

for him he'd come in instantly.

The afternoon of the festival came at last. The program was indeed a pretty one. There were dances—all kinds of dancing in groups, with each little maid as fresh and sweet and pretty in her dainty frock as the flowers she carried. Several of the little girls danced "solos"—that is, danced by themselves, to the delight of their fond parents and, indeed, to the delight of all the "grown-ups" present. Then, after the dance by Grace and Tillie and our two bad little heroes, was to come the grand finale—which was a dance for all the children around the big May pole.

But, alas, ten minutes before the program started both George and Frank were very crestfallen young gentlemen. For Miss Dodd had announced:

"Children, the fathers and mothers of many of you have all contributed to a fund with which we have purchased ice cream—vanilla and chocolate and strawberry. Now, there is more of it than we will need to serve everyone—the children didn't see how that could be possible—so I've decided to give each boy and girl who dances well a plate of ice cream just as soon as he has finished his part in the program. Then, after it is all over, all of us, including the fathers and mothers and other spectators, will all be served with ice cream in the big assembly room. So—as you can see—every boy and girl who dances well will get two plates of cream—one immediately after his dance and the other when everybody is served."

Miss Dodd thought she knew the effect such an announcement would have upon her little charges; but not even she had anticipated such zeal and earnest attention to business as the dancers manifested.

George looked at Frank, and Frank looked at George. Then they both looked away and, would you believe it, seemed to be trying to avoid each other until the time for their dance came.

And how well they danced it! Miss Dodd was simply amazed—for she had been fearful that they would not remember the steps and turns. But they danced like little dancing masters—and gentlemen.

Also, George didn't whistle. He must have forgotten to do so. And if he had, it is extremely doubtful whether Frank would have seized his ribbon, turned around and made a mad dash to wrap it around Tillie and the May pole as they had planned.

The applause was great.

"George can be so nice and sweet when he wants to," said his mother.

"I am simply amazed at Frank," answered that youngster's mother. "I had no idea he was so fond of dancing."

Two minutes later George and Frank were in one corner of the assembly room, each with a big saucer of ice cream in front of him.

"I'm going to take chocolate next time," said George.

"And I'm going to take strawberry," said Frank.

"I'll give you half of my chocolate if you'll give me half of your strawberry," suggested George.

"Maybe, only I got to taste it first."

But neither of them said so much as one word about their deep-child scheme to "break up" the May festival!

Wake Up, Old Earth!

Wake up, old Earth! You sleepy-head!
It's time to shout and play—
You sleepy-head! You stay-a-bed!
This is the First of May!

All winter long you've snored and slept
Beneath the snow and ice—
All April long you've sniffed and wept.
Is such behavior nice?

And so the First of May, old World,
It's time to dance and sing.
For all the rosebuds are uncured
And birds are on the wing!

You'll laugh and stay awake 'till Fall,
Five grass-green months and then,
When Winter blows his icy call,
You'll go to sleep again!

AESOP'S RETOLD

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THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.



AN unprotected lamb one day was wandering by the brook,
Where he had been forgotten by the shepherd with his crook.
A wolf discovered him, and said: "In this my needy hour,
How good of providence to send this prize, within my power.

But I must justify my act by reasons without flaw.
To show to him and all the world my due regard for law."
"Hold there!" he called, "you know right well it is against the rule,
To soil the water as you do within my drinking pool."

The lamb replied, "Excuse me, Sir, you surely judge me ill;
From me below to you above, will water flow up hill?"

"Oh, well," rejoined the wolf, severely, "let that pass;
You can't deny that you are living daily on my grass."
"Again you wrong me," said the lamb, with just a plaintive moan,
"I never yet have tasted grass, my food is milk alone."

"My brother you insulted," snarled the wolf, "on New Year's morn."
"That could not be," replied the lamb, "for I was then unborn."
"Enough!" cried wolf, "my appetite admits of no delay;
I'll take, and settle with the law on some convenient day."

To argue with a tyrant there is never any use;
He'll break a law, or make a law to justify abuse.

AN OBEDIENT PET

THE whole family loved Jock-O. He was a beautiful Sunday morning dog with a dark, brindled-brown and white coat. His face was peculiarly divided, leaving one eye and ear of the dark color and the other snowy white.

One thing that made everybody like Jock-O was the fact that he could be depended upon to do what he was told. Even if the command given him did not meet with his own approval.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning and Jock-O was waiting for his usual walk. His young master came down the steps all dressed in his best suit. His Bible and Lesson Quarters were in his hand for he was bound for Sunday School. Jock-O jumped up and wagged his tail, but for some reason or other the small boy was thinking of something else and did not notice him. When the tree-shaded street, boy and dog went and Jock-O yelped a squirrel and gave a sharp little yip. This made Herbert think of him. It would never do to take the dog to church. All the children would laugh, so he called him, gave him a little pat on the head, then said firmly:

"Go home Jock-O. Go right home."

If a dog can feel disappointed, Jock-O certainly felt that emotion. He stood in the middle of the walk a moment with drooping ears, then he turned slowly and walked up the street. He sat down in the grass in front of his home and watched the passerby rather sadly, for he did not know that he was to have his walk as usual after dinner.

Sometimes boys and girls do not quite understand commands given them by their elders and for which there is sure to be a good reason. Like Jock-O, they can obey, quite sure that it is for their best good, even if they do not understand.



He sat down and watched the passers-by rather sadly.

he was willing to obey. If there was any one thing he loved to do more than another it was to go for a walk with his young master. He would run in and out of the gardens, frolic about on the lawns, investigate every fence corner, and look very wise and sedate when he chose to trot along upon the

Solution to May Day Puzzle.

Romance - The Angel Playmate

I WONDER what all our poets and story-tellers would have done if they had never had "The Arabian Nights' Entertainment" to read as children. You can't be said to be really educated until you know these as well as Mother Goose and all the standard fairy tales—because all the grown-up people go on writing about them and referring to them whenever they can; they love to do it just to show they have not forgotten all they once knew. Then, too, they are on sure and solid ground, for they know that everyone will understand what they are talking about; which is not always the case with some of their finest poems!

For instance, there is a great English poet called William Ernest Henley. He had but one child, Margaret, a dear little girl who died when she was six. After her death, he scarcely wrote at all. The blow broke his heart. He calls her "A little exquisite Ghost, smiling with the serene eyes seen in this world, and calling, calling still 'Come, Indis, come!'"

Probably it was for her that he wrote a long poem called "Arabian Nights' Entertainment." He confesses that as a child

"EVERY STALK
That curled about a Bean-stick was
Of the breeze
Of that live ladder by whose delicate rungs
You climbed beyond the clouds, and found
The farm house where the Ogre, gorged
And drowsy, from his great oak chair,
Called for his Faery Harp. And in it flew
And, perching on the kitchen table,
sang
Jocund and jubilant."

"'Twas good to follow the Miller's Youngest Son
On his white horse along the leafy lanes
For at his stirrup linked and ran—

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

I am composed of two words of three and four letters, respectively.

1. My 1, 2, 4 is a representation of any region, as of the earth's surface.

2. My 3, 2, 6, 7 is the name of a college.

3. My 6, 5, 2, 1 is sand or clay containing organic matter.

My whole is something very popular in olden days on the first of May.

HIDDEN ANIMALS.

I hear Fido growling at the moon. This lilac at one time was white. I do not care who comes. Either Hannah or Seamus will do.

I did not expect you to run Carl. I only asked you to be back at twelve.

Philip, I gave you the biggest piece.

ANSWERS.
NUMERICAL PUZZLE: May Pole.
1. May; 2. Yale; 3. Loam.
Answer: Dog, Cat, Horse, Lion, Pig.

MAY DAY PUZZLE.

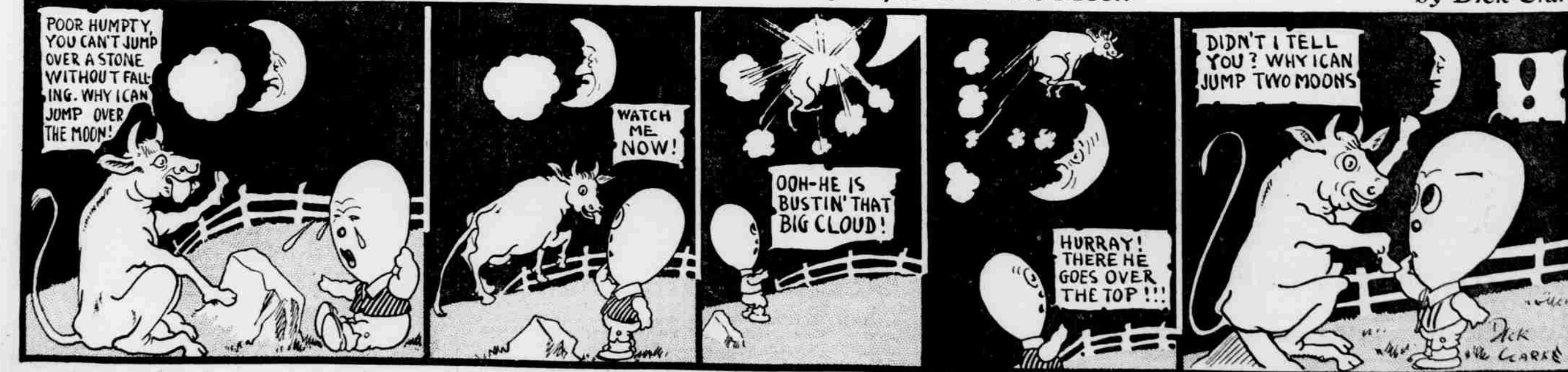


These children are out gathering flowers for their May Day Party. See if you can find a flower by cutting out the black spots and fitting them together.

Adventures of Humpty Dumpty

He Meets the Cow That Jumped Over the Moon

by Dick Clarke



POOR HUMPTY,
YOU CAN'T JUMP
OVER A STONE
WITHOUT FALL-
ING. WHY CAN
JUMP OVER
THE MOON!

WATCH
ME
NOW!

OOH-HE IS
BUSTIN' THAT
BIG CLOUD!

HURRAY!
THERE HE
GOES OVER
THE TOP!!!

DIDN'T I TELL
YOU? WHY CAN
JUMP TWO MOONS

Dick
CLARKE